



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A BOOK

Christmas Verses,

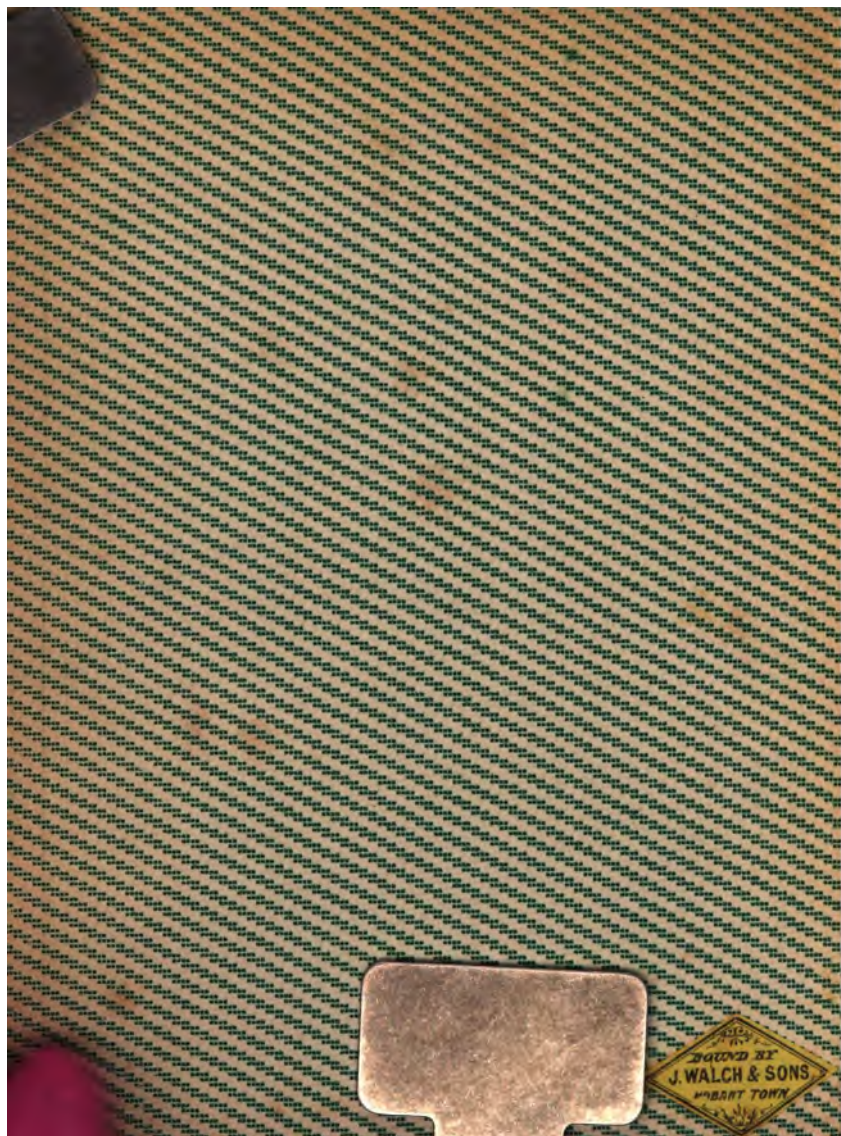
BY

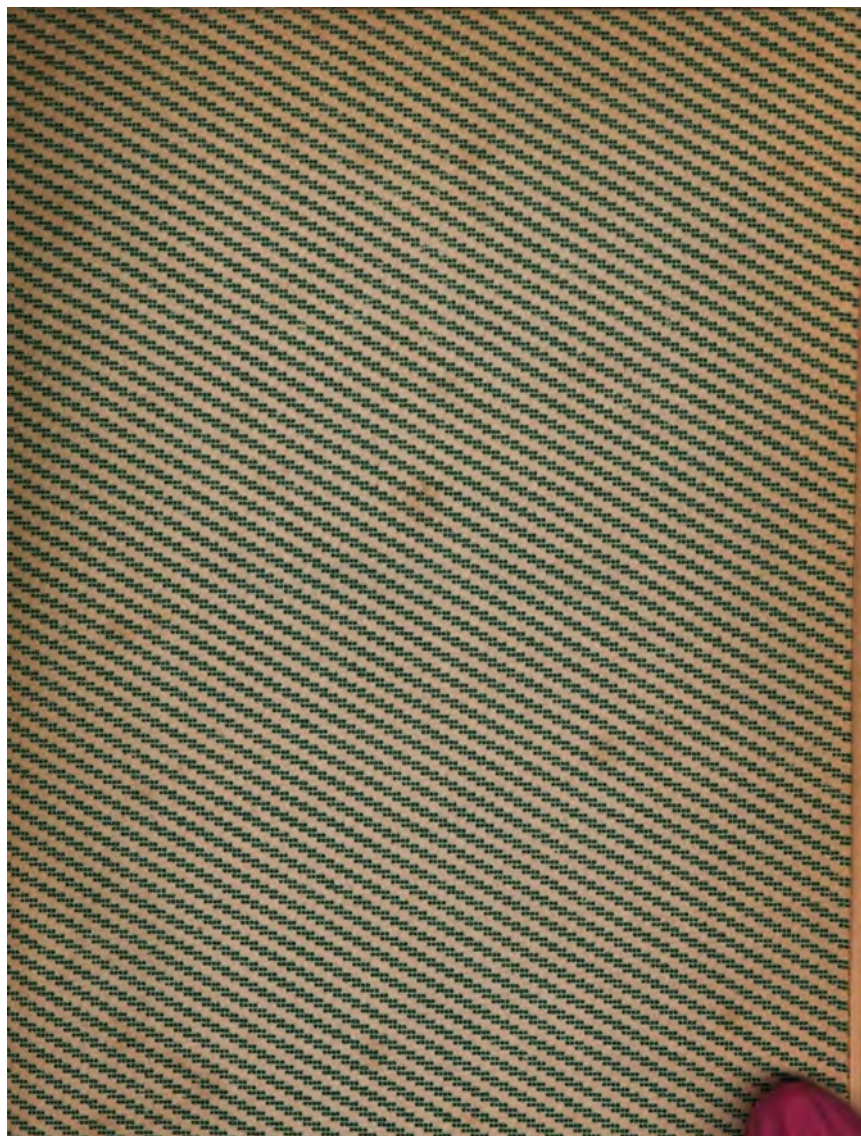
PHILIP FRANCIS GOULD BARRY.

Tasmania:

J. WALCH AND SONS.

1865.







600095530S

Christmas Verses.

HOBART TOWN : . . . J. WALCH AND SONS.
LAUNCHSTON : . . . J. WALCH AND SONS.
MELBOURNE : . . . G. ROBERTSON.
LONDON : . . . SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

John Davies, Printer, Hobart Town.

A BOOK

OF

Christmas Verses.

BY

PHILIP FRANCIS GOULD BARRY.



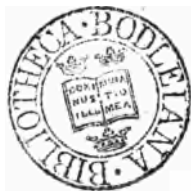
Tasmania :

J. WALCH AND SONS :

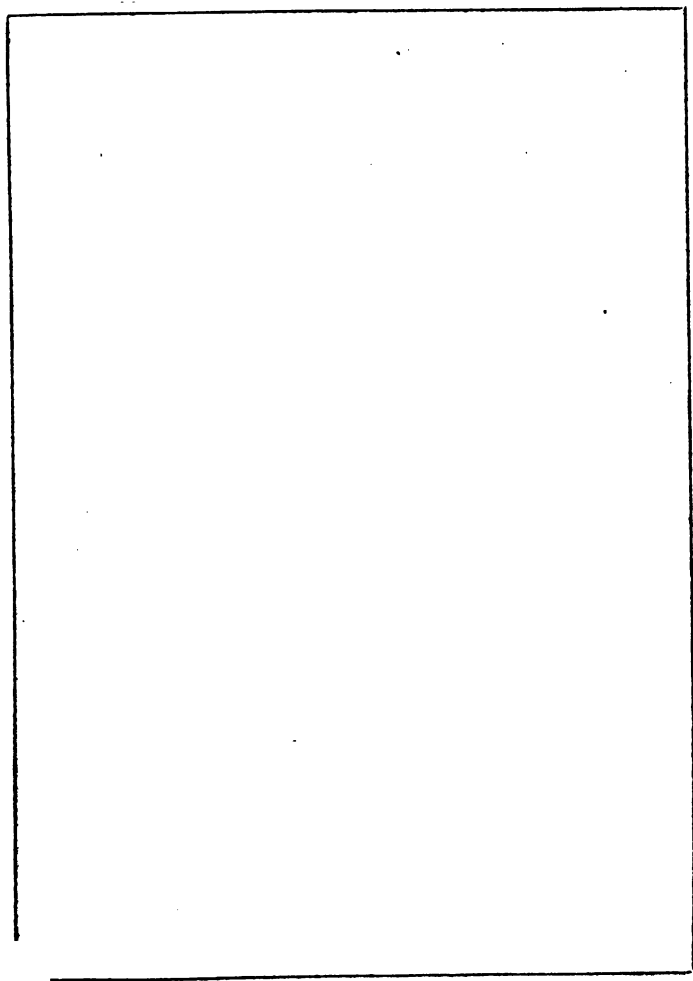
—

1865.

280.k.160.



TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
COLONEL THOMAS GORE BROWNE, C.B.,
GOVERNOR OF TASMANIA,
AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF APPRECIATION OF THE GENIAL
COURTESY WHICH INVARIABLY DISTINGUISHES HIS
INTERCOURSE WITH THE COLONISTS, OVER WHOM HE
HAS BEEN DELEGATED BY HER MAJESTY TO PRESIDE,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS,
BY PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S
OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



Preface.



IN presenting to the public this little volume of verses I desire to offer a few words of explanation, chiefly because some portions of its contents have been printed in newspapers with which I was formerly connected in Victoria, South Australia, and Launceston. The bulk of the collection is, however, now issued from the press for the first time.

I have called it a book of verses as I am far from being sufficiently presumptuous to regard any part of it as worthy of the name of poetry, and I have no desire to force it into circulation by false pretences. I constantly derive pleasure myself from the perusal of literary compositions whose only merit consists in their conveying in correct metrical form and harmonious and accurate language the thoughts and sentiments of common daily life. I cannot doubt that there is a large section of the community whose members experience equal gratification from the same harmless source.

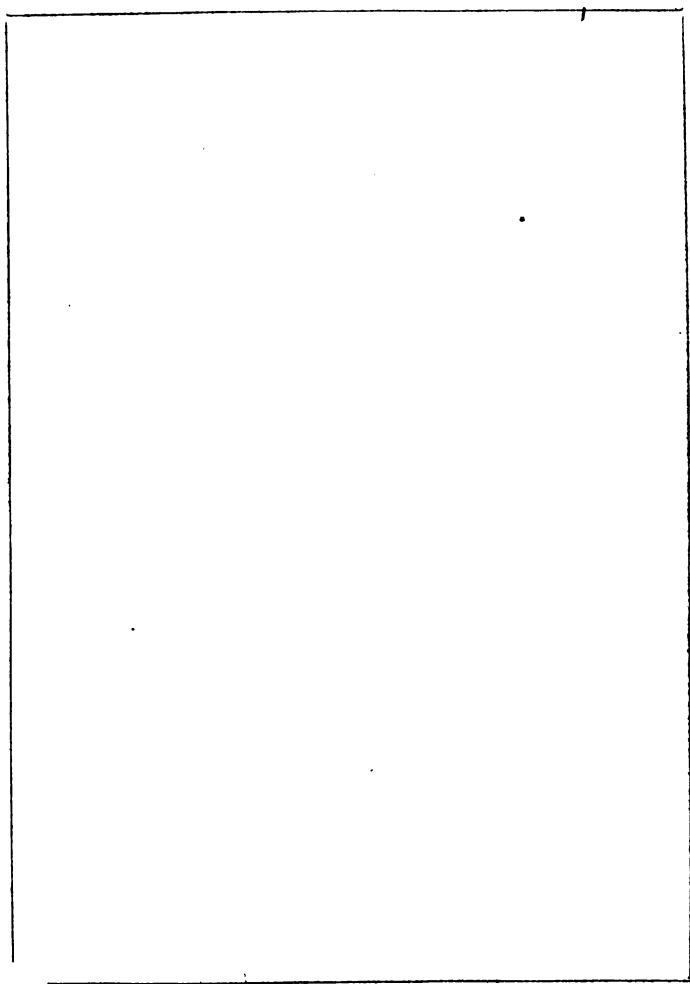
Such verses as I venture to hope may be found in the annexed collection are, I believe, capable of affording a passing enjoyment to many persons by whom the highest triumphs of poetic genius would be imperfectly, if it all, appreciated. And this I think is peculiarly the case in societies like our own, where men, being for the most part engaged in business pursuits, and women in household duties, require as a consequence in their few leisure hours, reading which is intelligible without effort rather than such as to the earnest student, only, reveals its recondite beauties.

There is, however, one ground above all others on which I ask a lenient consideration for this unpretending offspring of my pen. It is, that it is intended merely as a Christmas book. This is my reply to an objection which I anticipate will be raised against it based upon the homely simplicity of its language. Homeliness, indeed, I look upon as the appropriate characteristic of everything connected with the great festival of the Christian world. Its Founder was a child, and the spirit of the season tends, I think, if rightly understood, to make us all child-like, not in intellect, but in sentiment and feeling. Let any one who has seen half a dozen

sensible old gentlemen in a theatre treating their grandchildren to the Christmas pantomime say if the fact be not so.

One word more and I have done. I cannot lay claim to any extensive knowledge of Australian and still less am I familiar with Tasmanian literature, but in the few specimens of either which I have had the fortune to peruse there has always appeared to me a want of national distinctiveness. In some of the accompanying pages I have endeavored to suggest a few of the more prominent and agreeable characteristics which distinguish the settlements of the southern hemisphere from the little islands at our antipodes, to which most of us cannot fail to look back across the ocean with sentiments of pride and affection. I should have carried those efforts to a somewhat greater length, but that my final determination of venturing into print was formed so very recently as to render that course impracticable.

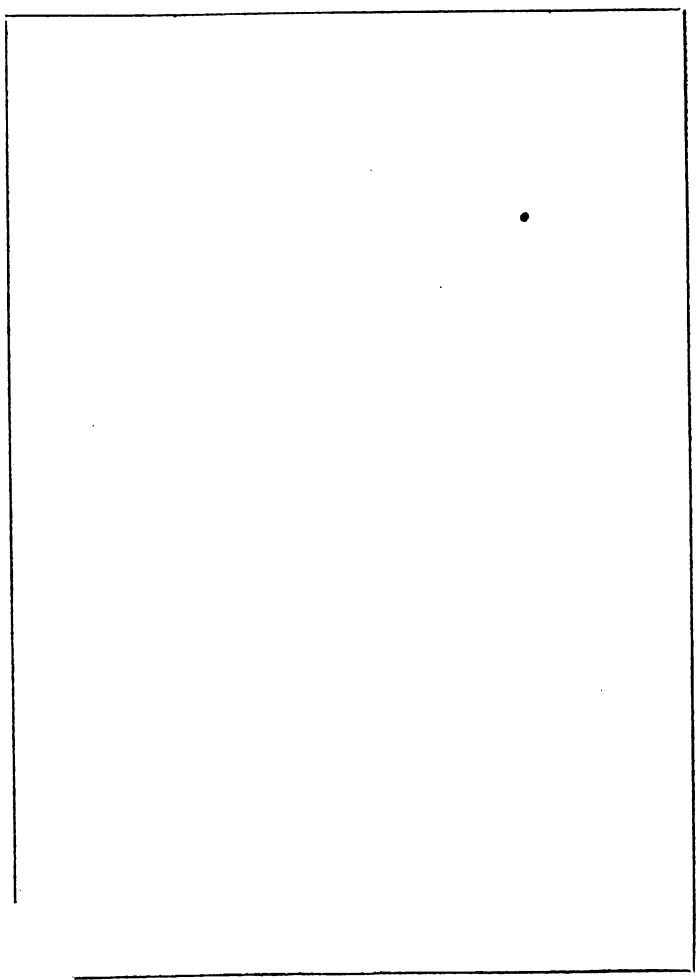




Contents.



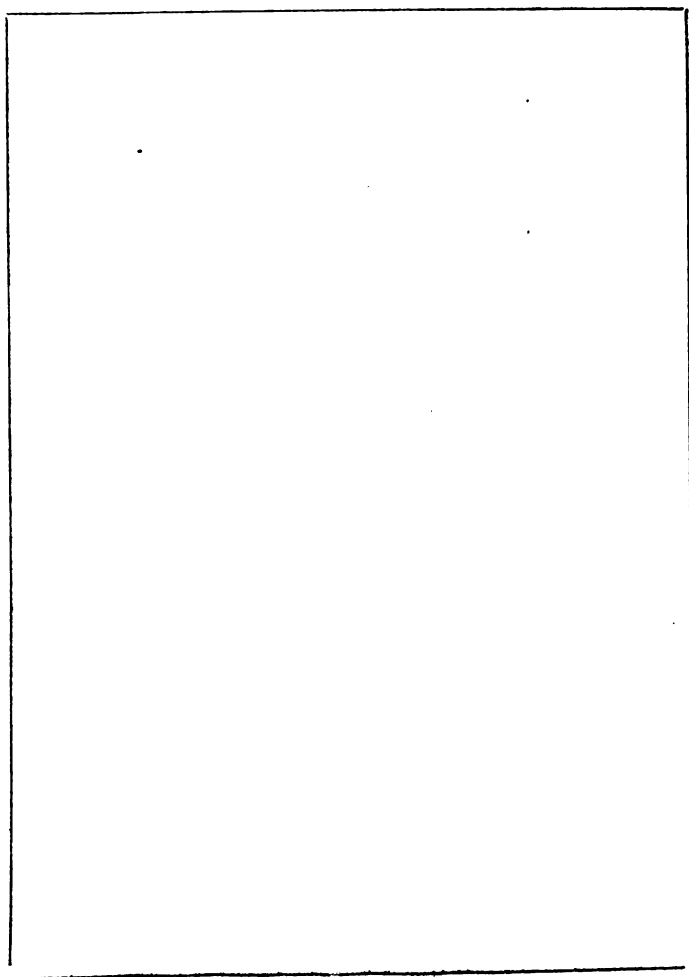
	<i>page.</i>
INTRODUCTION.	
A Christmas Lay - - - - -	15
TASMANIAN SKETCHES.	
Waiting for the Gold - - - - -	23
The Daughters of Tasmania - - - - -	28
The Cawing of the Rooks - - - - -	32
AUSTRALIAN REVERIES.	
An Australian Anthem - - - - -	39
The New Gold Field - - - - -	44
A Valentine - - - - -	50
WAIFS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.	
A Farewell - - - - -	55
The Blackthorn Friend - - - - -	60
A Peasant's Prayer - - - - -	63
Valentine - - - - -	65
A Last Request - - - - -	67
A Dream and an Awakening - - - - -	70
An Old Love - - - - -	73
My Life - - - - -	75
NOTES.	



Introduction.



A Christmas Lay.



A Christmas Lay.



N merry Britain's isles to-day,
The Christmas bells rejoicing ring,
And many a pleasant Christmas lay
Our distant friends to-night shall sing.

In lowly cot, in lordly hall,
Alike they'll taste the Christmas cheer;
God bless the revellers one and all,
Who round the Christmas board appear.

And o'er the peasant's simple meal,
And homely draught of nut-brown ale,
May humble guests as joyous feel,
As those whom richest feasts regale.

Ah me! how plainly I behold,
O'er half a world of land and sea,
One pleasant group of young and old,
Assembled round the Christmas tree.

One group—'midst whom in happier days,
The place that's vacant now was mine,
When yule-logs bright were wont to blaze
And cheerful Christmas lights to shine.

When Christmas feasting made us ill,
When Christmas pastimes made us gay ;
Ah me! what memories linger still,
Round merry English Christmas day.

Then brothers dear and sisters fair,
Co-exiles in this southern clime,
Let us our hearts and homes prepare
To greet the blessed Christmas time.

Reject awhile each sordid thought;
Bless Him whose heart was free from pride;
Love each the other as He taught
Who for us all on Calvary died.

We may not deck our household walls,
With branches of the holly tree;
No pendant ivy here recalls
The bye-gone scenes of Christmas glee.

Yet we can keep the Christmas time,
As well as those who far away,
Its advent greet with joy-bells' chime,
And kindly hearts and pastimes gay.

Bethink ye brothers, sisters dear,
If in your power it haply lie,
One lowly sufferer's heart to cheer,
One pang to soothe, one tear to dry.

Bethink ye many an exile pines,
Poor, friendless, homeless, hopeless here
To whom, the brighter summer shines,
The darker Christmas times appear.

Of all who share this hapless doom,
Know ye not one this summer day
From whose dark brow the shade of gloom,
A kindly act might while away ?

Know ye not one for whom a place
Your pitying friendship might afford
Whence he might view each smiling face
Around your social Christmas board ?

No homesick girl, no lonely boy,
Deprived of friends and kindred dear
Whose heart would beat with transient joy
Whilst sharing of your Christmas cheer?

Bless God, the father of us all,
Whose mercy now let's humbly pray,
If to your lot such chance should fall,
Upon this pleasant Christmas day.

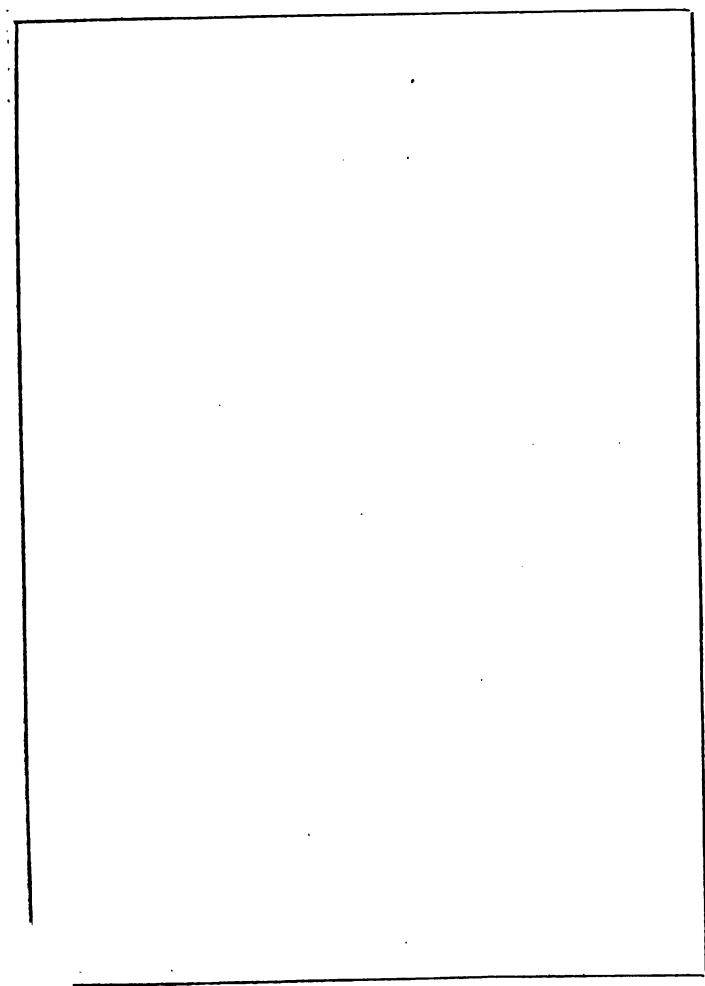
And when at length you come to know
Your last of Christmas times you've seen,
Perchance 'twill soothe that hour of woe
To think the lone one's friend you've been.

That once you followed in the wake
Of Him—our guardian night and day—
The infant who for mankind's sake,
In Beth'ems humble manger lay.

To Him alone the praise be given
For power such kindly acts to do,
Which rightly used brings nearer Heaven
The lordliest and the lowliest too.



Tasmanian Sketches.



Waiting for the Gold.



MIDST the lonely forest,
'Midst the city's crowd,
Why on all men's features
Rests so dark a cloud?
"But one hope," they answer,
"We can now behold;
So we watch in patience—
Waiting for the gold."

"Waiting for the treasure
Buried in the soil,

Prize by fate predestined,
Of the miner's toil ;
Where in bygone ages
Rivers seaward rolled,
There it lies" they whisper—
Waiting for the gold.

"How long," sighs the trader
Bowed at midnight lone
O'er the adverse ledger
Too familiar grown ;
"How long must these imports
Still remain unsold ;
How long must we struggle—
Waiting for the gold."

Widowed wife why sit you,
At the window pane,
Peering through the twilight,
Far o'er hill and plain,

Past the dim horizon,
Where you've oft been told,
Toils your patient husband—
Waiting for the gold?

“How long” sobs the mother,
Pining for her child,
“How long must my darling
Plough the ocean wild;
Soon these arms maternal
Might his form enfold
But that still he's waiting—
Waiting for the gold.”

“Wherefore,” asks the old man,
“Keeps my boy away,
From the sire who nursed him,
Through so many a day;
Surely such a heart ne'er
False has grown or cold;

No! he's only waiting—
Waiting for the gold."

"Long ago they promised,
We should find it here,
And I've watched and waited,
For it many a year;
That my boy might seek it,
Our poor farm we sold,
Yet we're still but waiting—
Waiting for the gold."

"Where the sun at mid-day,
To the northward shines,
Gleams the glorious metal
In a thousand mines;
Here, too, men have seen it
Glittering in the mould,
Yet we're still but waiting—
Waiting for the gold.

“There the wealth collected,
By the hand of toil,
Rears fair towns and cities,
On the teeming soil;
Shall we ne’er partake of
All this wealth untold?
Must we still keep watching—
Waiting for the gold?

“No, the weary vigil
Closed some day shall be,
And with joyful wonder
Far and near we’ll see
Spreading o’er the island,
Bands of miners bold;
Then we’ll sit no longer
Waiting for the gold.”



The Daughters of Tasmania.



THE daughters of Tasmania,
Beneath their sunny skies,
How fairy-like their graceful forms,
How angel-bright their eyes ;
How like a glimpse of Paradise,
Or land of poet's dreams,
Lit by the radiance of their smiles,
The lovely island seems.

Oh why should nature lavish thus,
Upon one favored land,

A genial heaven, a teeming soil,
By healthful breezes fanned ;
And landscapes rich in every charm,
Of valley, plain, or hill,
To eclipse all their glories bright,
By glories brighter still.

By woman's form and features fair,
Cast each in choicest mould,
And hearts whose wealth of love could ne'er
By mortal lips be told,
In wild profusion broadly strown
Far o'er the teeming soil,
Like flow'rs which spring beneath the hand
Of skilful human toil.

Say can it be that for a bower,
Where Beauty's Queen should dwell,
The lovely spot was thus enwreathed
With every witching spell,

To charm the senses, woo the mind,
And bind in silken chain,
The rash adventurer who should dare
Invade the bright domain.

Yes, yes, I feel it must be so,
For though with raptured gaze,
I've looked on many a form which 'midst
The bloom-decked landscape strays ;
There's one whose joyous face for me,
The charms of others mars,
As far outshines the gentle moon,
Unnumbered brighter stars.

The slender cord which softest hands
Alone have power to spin,
But which the giant's brawny frame
Lies helpless clasped within ;
That little cord is round me twined,
Yet she who bound me so

Dreams not the magic string she tied,
Nor e'er perchance may know.

Thus thus it is I've found that here,
The Queen of beauty reigns,
And lest some rebel arm should burst
The lovely tyrant's chains,
Her mother nature strewed the flow'rs
So broadcast o'er the land,
For wreaths wherewith more closely still
To bind each captive hand.

But where is she, the goddess bright,
For whom this garden smiles,
This spot with nature's gifts most blest,
Of ocean's thousand isles ?
Could human eyes my bosom pierce,
Within it might be seen,
By one dear girl's soft glances traced,
The form of Beauty's Queen.



The Catwing of the Books.



TREAD upon a foreign soil,
Beneath an alien sky,
Nor spreading lands nor treasured gains
Nor wife nor child have I,
An exile from the social hearth
Far o'er the world 'twould seem
To wander doomed like one who strays
In fever's troubled dream.

And where my footsteps leave to-day
Their aimless track behind

I deemed a stranger land than erst
Mine eyes had seen to find ;
Yet though from Friendship's smile afar
Or kindred's dear caress
My heart its burthen lighter bears
Of exiled loneliness.

For gazing down yon vale, fair Esk,^(a)
Where flows thy placid tide
A lovelier river far away
I seem to roam beside ;
And verdant pastures shine again
Before my boyhood's eye,
Revived by one familiar sound
Borne on the breezes by.

From out yon aged trees which still
The hue of summer wear,
Though 'tis the winter time they say
Despite the balmy air,

In discord wild the cawing rooks
Their vocal warfare ply,
As I was wont to hear them oft,
My childhood's home anigh.

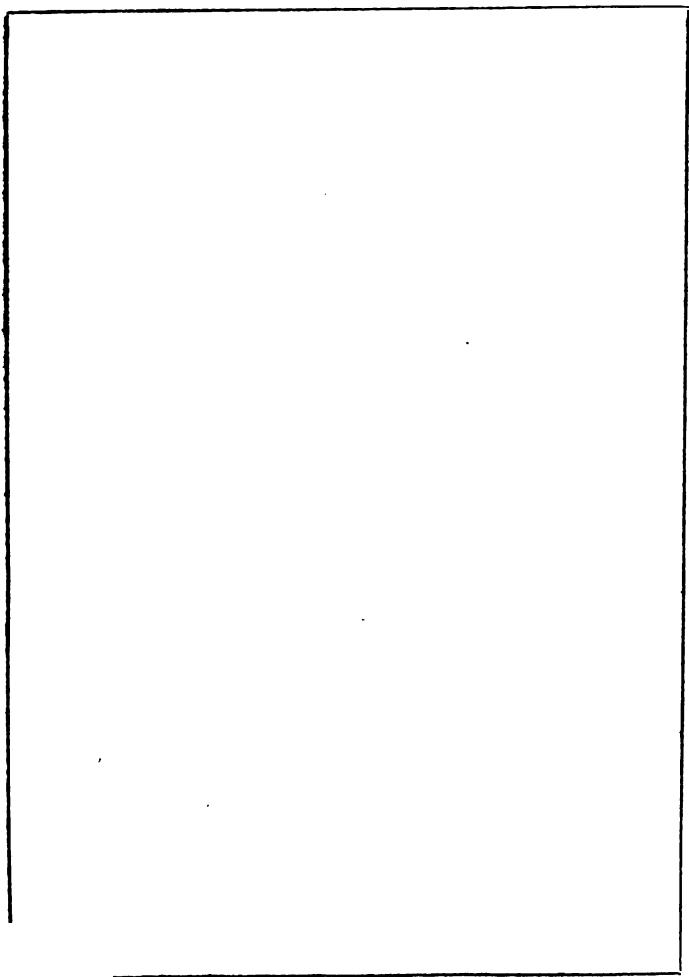
And mingling with their harsher notes,
A voice I loved to hear,
Though hushed in death long, long ago,
Falls softly on mine ear ;
And in mine own with tender clasp,
A little hand I hold,
How sunny warm it used to be,
Though since grown icy cold.

And yet one more familiar sound
From out the vale ascends,
And with the cawing of the rooks,
In babbling cadence blends ;
For yonder tiny stream which flows
Its winding course along,

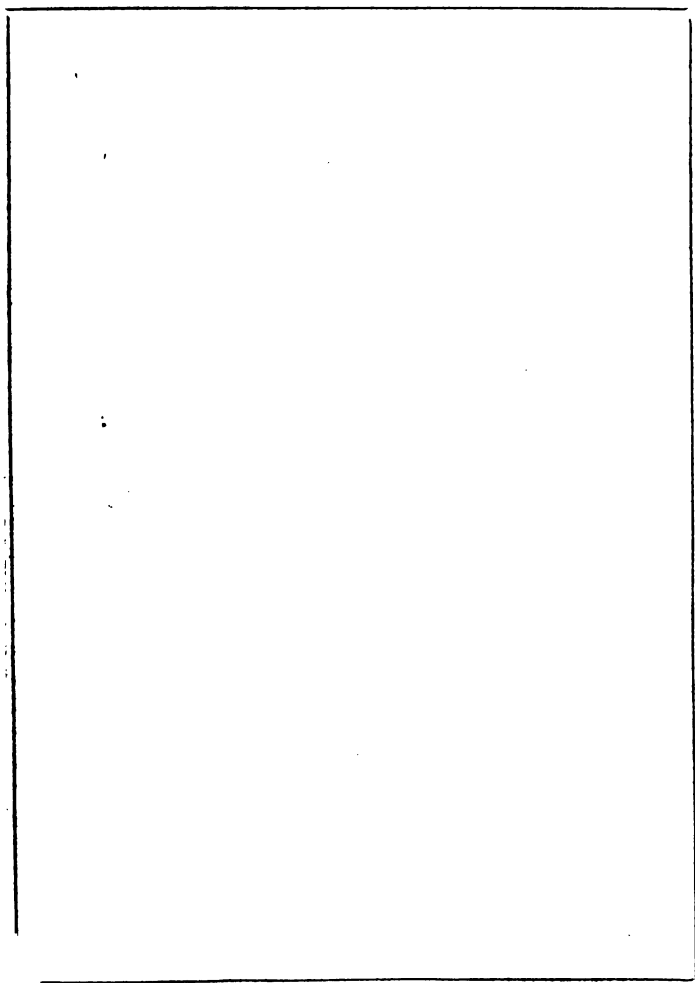
Rejoicing like the brooks at home,
Gives forth the self-same song.

Now Heaven be bless'd that mem'ry thus,
Though in a dream it be,
The long lost loved, the happy past,
Empow'rs us still to see ;
For ah ! though tinged with bitter pain
The heart which hopes no more
For future joys will gladly turn
To bliss it felt of yore.





Australian Reberies.



An Australian Anthem.



(Written in South Australia.)



GREAT GOD, in whose Almighty hand
 The fates of kings and nations lie,
 Look down on our adopted land
 With kind, forbearing pitying eye;
 And from this soil whereon we've made,
 Our children's dwellings and our own,
 Be grateful tribute ever paid,
 Before thy bright and awful throne.

For who shall count the blessings poured,
 With lavish bounty round us here,

What realm with equal wealth is stored?
What skies so bright and blue and clear?
Fair spring with verdure decks the fields;
Bright summer tints the rip'ning grain;
Rich fruits and wines the autumn yields
And winter brings its genial rain.

Beneath the spectral gum trees boughs
Our farmers see their homesteads stand,
And watch their thriving cattle browse
Upon their own toil purchased land.
Their children bless'd with rosy health
In harmless mirth around them play,
The infants reared 'midst pride and wealth
Laugh not, nor shout as loud as they.

'Midst lonely wastes the bushman plies
His bloody spur and loosened rein
To turn the herd which madly flies
O'er creek and gully, range and plain.

No happy home, no wife nor child,
Are his, nor e'er perchance may be,
His dearest joy a gallop wild,
His happiest roof a summer tree.

Low in the dark and cheerless mine
The stalwart miner patient toils
Where glittering metals round him shine
Of labors strife the peaceful spoils ;
But brighter far his young wife's smile
Shall gleam as by his cottage door
She greets in artless loving style
Her weary husband home once more.

On many a boundless pasture fair,
Where white-fleeced flocks contented stray,
Remote from strife and toil and care,
The shepherd dreams the hours away ;
For rarely human steps profane
Those silent realms to nature dear,

Save when in lengthened, dusky train
The children of the wilds appear.

But who shall say what visions bright
Arise before that lonely man
Of friends who faded from his sight
Long ere his shepherd life began,
And yet throng gaily round him now,
With kindly smile and pitying tear,
And clasp his hand and kiss his brow,
And whisper words he loved to hear.

So, each in his appointed place,
Their several duties all fulfil,
Pray God that thus our favored race
May ever work its Master's will,
May still subdue the deserts lone,
And strive to teach the wanderers there,
Like erring children of our own,
To bless their Maker's name in prayer.

And may our land in arts and arms
Excel,—for arms we still must wield—
And mines and flocks and fertile farms,
Their teeming riches constant yield;
May those with wealth and leisure blest,
To humbler folk prove ever kind,
And naught raise one man o'er the rest,
Save cultured taste and learned mind.



The New Gold Field.



An Ode.



FEW days since a forest glade—

The stockman plied his spur and rein

Chasing the wild herd o'er the plain

And lo the change

The little lapse of time hath made !

A thousand white tents dot the green

Peering the gum trees' trunks between

Far as the eye can range.

Say is it by Enchanter's power
This canvas city of a day
Its snowy walls and colors gay
Of every hue,—^(b)
Growing in number hour by hour—
Amidst the wilderness hath reared,
Where late scarce living thing appeared,
Save the wild kangaroo ?

Hark ! falls there not upon your ear,
The watchful sentry's measured tread ?
And see you not poised high o'er-head
On quivering wing,—
Arrested in its mid career,—
Yon bird of prey lured from afar,
By scent of gory feast which war
Is ever sure to bring ?

No, not beneath the sentry's tread

The crackling brushwood now gives way,—
Nor human carrion tempts to-day
 Yon bird to soar,
Hov'ring above the freshly dead ;—
Not war's detested vulture he,
But eagle-hawk who ne'er shall see
 The battle's feast of gore.

A gallant army here indeed,
Hath pitched its white tents far and near,
Yet none need watch its march with fear
 But all with joy,
Wishing its heroic men God speed—
For labor's peaceful soldiers they,
Whose mission 'tis to save, not slay,
 To build, not to destroy.

From every land beneath the sun
They've gathered to this scene of toil,
To delve from out its teeming soil
 The hidden gold,

Nor rest until the prize be won,—
Braving heat, cold, and wind, and rain,
Hunger and thirst, fatigue and pain,
And miseries untold.

See yon o'erburthened wight who crawls
With weary limbs towards us now,
Mark well beneath his sun-browned brow
His flashing eye,
As on the distant camp it falls.—
See you not there the iron will
A settled purpose to fulfil,—
The soul to “do or die?”

His brawny arms to-morrow's dawn,
Shall see a trusty weapon wield,
'Gainst which the painted gum-bark shield
Would prove in vain,
Yon savage, from his covert drawn

By strangeness of th' occasion, bears,
Who at the bold intruder stares
Treading his wild domain.

And ere perchance th' acacia's bough
Whose blooms to-day make glad the view
Its golden glories shall renew
And fragrance rare,—
No longer bent by toil as now,
But rich with piles of glittering ore
His sinewy frame and limbs no more
Ignoble loads shall bear.

Or should the hope that lured him here
Prove false as troubled slumber's dream—
O'er hill and vale, through swamp and stream,
In sun and storm,
A patient wanderer far and near,
With hopeful heart and steady mien,
By other eyes will yet be seen
His spare but stalwart form.

And whensoe'er that time may come,
This shining city of to-day
Swift as it rose will fade away,
Nor leave one trace
Of those white tents, whence labor's hum
Floats towards us through the summer air,
Save rugged props and ridge poles bare,
To mark the lonely place.



A Valentine.



ROUND our distant homes to-day
The wind blows chill and keen ;
Dark clouds obscure the landscape gay
And leafless trees are seen.

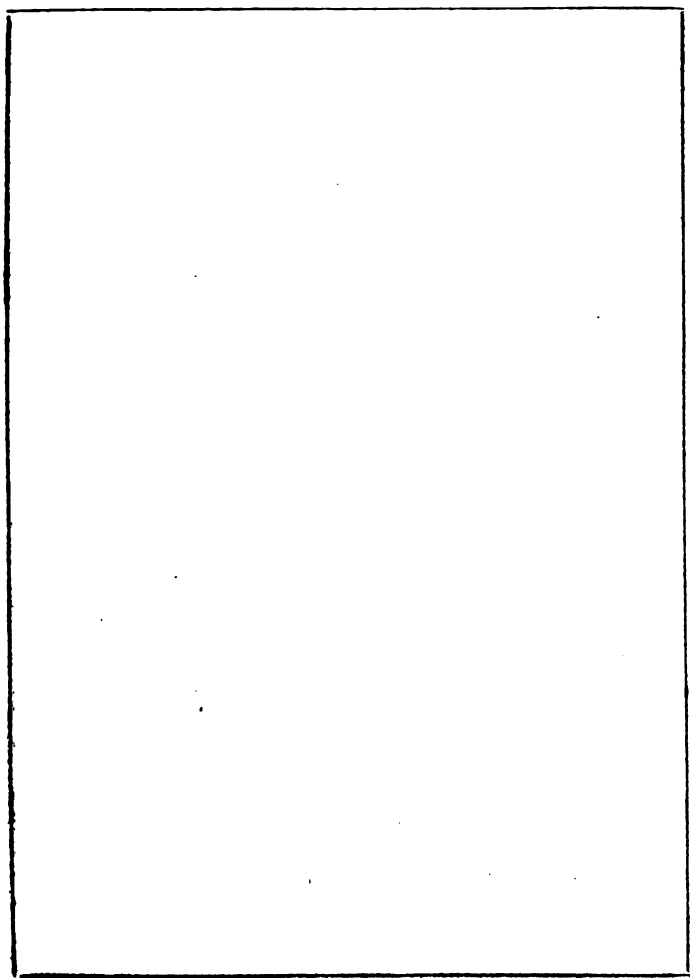
O'er us its floods of golden light
The sun sheds brightly down,
And verdant trees and flow'rets bright,
The boundless pastures crown.

For here the Queenly Summer reigns
And subject nature smiles ;
Whilst stern King Winter's icy chains
Bind Britain's distant isles.

And yet my love wert thou away,
On England's wintry shore,
And I still here, this summer day
Would summer seem no more.

Whilst in the dreary northern clime
Wert thou but by my side,
Then in my heart 'twere summer time,
Though frozen all beside.

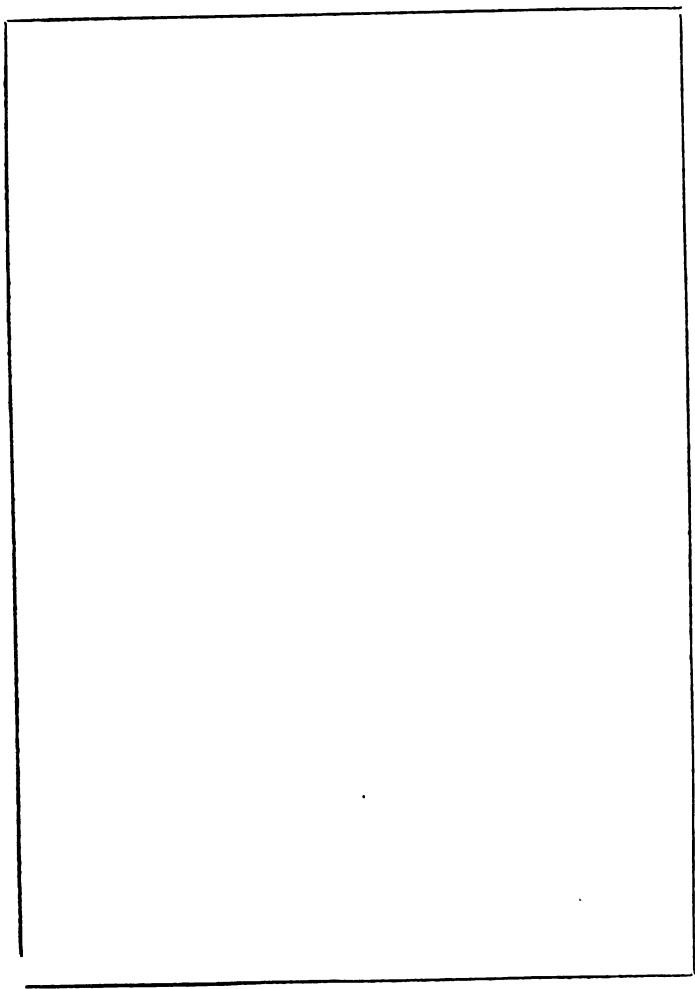




Waifs

FROM

Beyond the Sea.



A Farewell.



(Written off Madeira.)



HE autumn sunbeams' golden hue,
Is gleaming on the waters blue,
And Autumn breezes blowing fair
Our proud ship onward swiftly bear.

There's mirth in every varied sound
That greets the ear from all around,
Where children laugh in thoughtless play,
But ah! my heart is far away.

'Tis where a wintry sunshine gleams
With cheerless ray on icy streams,
Where darksome clouds obscure the sky
And no bright scene delights the eye.

Strange that the outward summer brings
Some gladness to all meaner things,
Whilst naught can joy to man impart
If summer reign not in the heart.

And now on mine 'neath brightest skies
A chilling weight of sorrow lies ;
On it in vain may sunbeams shine,
For darling thou no more art mine.

Ah! Fanny what bright hopes have fled,
How many an hour of joy hath sped
Since first in passion's trembling tone
You vowed that you'd be mine alone.

How often, clasped in fond embrace,
 I've gazed upon thy glowing face
 And in thy heaving bosom's swell
 Read more than warmest words could tell.

Read love more true in woe or weal
 Than colder hearts can ever feel,
 Love which, howe'er the cynic sneer,
 To Heaven and me shall still be dear.

Let lips which mock fair pity's smile
 O'er hearts as marble cold the while,
 Such love as thine mistaken call
 Which fearless risks and loses all.

But He who made the young heart glow
 Within thy bosom's screen of snow,
 Will yet its span of lifetime o'er,
 To Heaven that gentle heart restore.

And place thee with paternal hand
Amid his cherished favorites' band;
For in the realms of light above
All colder virtues yield to love.

Farewell, perchance for years in vain,
I'll long to view thy face again,
Yet live, as flowers have sometimes grown
In weary captives' dungeons lone.

But though thy form no more I see,
Full oft my heart will turn to thee,
As such poor blossoms still incline,
Where faintest rays of sunlight shine.

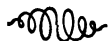
And waste their feeble strength away
In useless efforts day by day,
Nor cease to struggle faintly on
Till life and hope alike are gone.

Such be my fate, if never more
 I meet thee on our green isle's shore,
 Nor clasp again thy greeting hand
 An exile on some foreign strand.

But stay—I feel it cannot be ;
 I know I've looked my last on thee ;
 The fondest hearts Fate loves to sever ;
 Adieu, my darling girl, for ever !



The Blackthorn Friend.



S homeward many a weary mile
The peasant wends his way,
And thinks upon the young wife's smile
That waits him far away,
Who never fails its gen'rous aid
His way-worn steps to lend,
In sultry noon or ev'ning shade?
His trusty Blackthorn Friend.

Now mingling in the busy crowd
At pattern,^(c) goal,^(d) or fair,^(e)

Sudden his faction's war cry loud
 Rings through the startled air.
 Alone amid the hostile band
 Who shall his life defend?
 He holds his safeguard in his hand,
 His trusty Blackthorn friend.

With tottering step and faded eye,
 How changed that young man now!
 Full soon the shades of death shall lie
 Upon his wrinkled brow;
 Though youth and strength and friends be flown,
 And life draws near its end,
 One prop his failing footsteps own,
 His trusty Blackthorn Friend.

And when no longer o'er his head
 That weapon true may wave,
 Its parent tree shall perfumes shed
 Above his humble grave;

So constant from the dawn of life
Even past its latest end
This partner true in joy and strife,
This trusty Blackthorn Friend,



A Peasant's Prayer.



NE fading eve in early spring
 It chanced my wand'ring footsteps strayed,
 Where the tall trees so darkly fling
 O'er yonder church-yard lone their shade ;
 Beneath a pond'rous marble tomb
 I saw a stately coffin laid,
 Whilst sable pall and nodding plume
 Their purchased honors mutely paid.

The rich man's pageant passed away
 And soon approached an humbler train,

Whilst o'er some peasant's meaner clay
Rose the wild keen's(*o*) funereal strain.
They laid him in his narrow bed ;
Then each some well-remembered grave
Sought, and above the tranquil dead,
Heaven's mercy humbly knelt to crave.

The Autumn leaves strewed thick the ground,
When by that tomb I stood once more,
The rank weeds seemed in springing round
To mock the words of grief it bore ;
Again, that peasant's grave I sought,
A woman's form was kneeling there,
Oh ! sure, I thought, wealth never bought,
Such tribute as yon peasant's prayer.



Valentine.



HEY tell me that the sunshine
Is bright and warm to-day ;
Its genial heat I heed not,
Nor note one gladsome ray ;
For grief hath dulled my senses,
Since thou love art away.

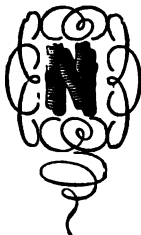
To-night the moon in beauty
Will sail across the sky,

But if perchance I watch it
 'Twill be with listless eye ;
For dim its light to me love,
 Save only when thou'rt nigh.

But brighter far than ever
 Both moon and sun will shine
When once thy heart and hand love
 Become for ever mine ;
And stars, the angels' eyes love,
 Will borrow light from thine.



A Last Request.



AY dearest smile not thus on me,
 If lips of one so fair
 By pity's hand can moulded be
 A colder guise to wear;
 The shade which on my brow you see,
 The anguish of a heart must tell,
 Whose sunshine thus I pray of thee,
 In hopeless sorrow to dispel.

For ah ! such smiles too well I know
 Resemble but the light that gleams

Reflected from the chilly snow,
Not the warm sun's reviving beams.
If love for me thy young heart bore,
What rapture would my bosom fill,
And I would ask thee o'er and o'er
That thou would'st smile upon me still.

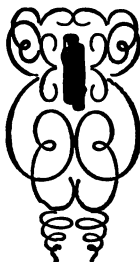
The traveller o'er the desert sands
Beholds with glad surprise
The fairest scenes of Eastern lands
Mid'st scorching wastes arise,
But when the false mirage is o'er,
With aching eyes and heart
He trembles, lest it shine once more,
To mock him, and depart.

And thus it is I ask that thou
Wilt smile no more on me;
I have no hope to win thee now,
But love thy face to see.

Even sunlight on a hopeless heart
In mockery seems to fall ;
But oh, thy brighter smiles impart,
A misery worst of all.



A Dream and an Awakening.



T was a dream an idle dream
I felt that long ago,
And yet at times I scarce could deem,
'Twould fade and leave me so.

For now I'm like the traveller lone,
O'er Arab wastes who strays
And finds the crystal waters flown,
Which mocked his dying gaze.

Or, when the sunbeams sink to rest
The glacier's ridge below,
The frozen wretch who on its crest
Sinks blinded in the snow.

Or seaman flung from out his bark
In wintry midnight gale,
Who watches vanish in the dark,
His ship's departing sail.

Or any lone and and hopeless thing,
Which deathward aimless strays,
And still to life seems doomed to cling
And count the weary days.

A few hours since how rosy bright
The joyous world appeared !
The sunbeams now are sunk in night,
Which then so warmed and cheered.

Yet through the gloom, ev'n as of yore,
Thy features seem to shine;
May Heaven its choicest blessings pour
On thee and all of thine.

And may'st thou never, never know,
Though long thy life may be,
The nameless weight of utter woe,
Which presses now on me.

Some weeks or months, or years perchance,
May sweep the clouds away,
And pity warm with kindly glance,
This heart so sad to-day.

But in the freshness of my grief,
To thee, and thee alone,
I turn to seek the sad relief,
Which springs from woes made known.



An Old Love.



ES, I did love before we met,
 And oft will mem'ry stray
 Even still with many a fond regret
 To one now far away;
 Her form I ne'er again shall see,
 Her gladsome voice ne'er hear;
 Ah, what a weary thing to be
 Where none we prize are near.

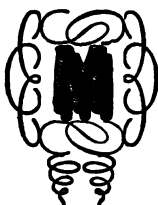
I hate the glaring sunlight now
 I hate the busy day,

But love to dream with shaded brow
Beneath the pale moon's ray ;
For then I see my darling's form,
I listen to her voice,
And feel beneath her kisses warm
My lonely breast rejoice.

Alas to wounded human hearts
In secret grief that pine,
No earthly power such calm imparts,
As gentle words like thine.
Then speak, as thou the couch would'st smooth
Beneath some sufferer's head,
Thy voice may still have power to soothe
When hope itself lies dead.



My Life.



Y life is like the summer days,
Of changeful northern climes,
Oft lit by sunshine's joyous rays,
But dimmed by clouds at times.

Its earliest dawn was rosy bright,
And filled with promise fair,
But soon was dimmed its gladsome light,
By grief, and pain, and care.

And as when mists of morning rise,
And round the hill tops cling,
The blithsome lark which heav'nward flies,
Will cease to soar or sing.

So when the shadows dark'ning fell
My boyhood's nature o'er,
Life's spirit-music's glorious swell
Thrilled through my heart no more.

Nor longer towards the azure sky,
Where dwell the sun and stars,
My dreaming soul would seek to fly,
Beyond life's prison bars.

But now as noontide's hour draws near,
Like alchymist of old,
The sun of love outshining clear,
Transmutes all things to gold.

And as beneath the prophet's wand,
Stern nature's laws gave way,
The world a brighter garb hath donned,
To greet his genial ray.

The humblest desert flowers that spring
Beneath the forest trees,
A sweeter fragrance seem to fling
Upon the passing breeze.

The meanest insect forms which creep
The earth, less lowly seem.
The birds in blither circles sweep,
More gaily sings the stream.

And wand'ring midst the fairy scene
I watch with joy and pride,
The lovely dreamland's lovelier Queen,
My young and cherished bride.

O'er her fair realm no sunbeams fall
From changeful solar skies,
The gleams that light and warm it all
Shine from her own dear eyes.

Pray heaven that of the waning day
The evening calm may be,
And that its last sun's parting ray
Mine eyes unmoved may see.

And may the dawn which ends the night,
Then closing fast around,
Be such as Moses' dazzled sight
On Sinai's mountain found.



Notes.

(a.) The South Eak. The scene of the verses, or, in other words, the landscape, by a first view of which they were suggested, lies to the eastward of the Elphin road, a couple of miles from Launceston.

(b.) This is, of course, an allusion to the multiplicity of flags, national and fanciful, with which the "stores" were decorated in the earlier days of the gold discovery, and on new gold-fields continue to be adorned, though with diminished profusion, to the present day.

(c.) A traditionary festival of religious or semi-religious character, the observance of which has almost died out of late years.

(d.) An athletic game, called in some portions of Ireland "hurling," and almost identical with the Scotch sport of "shinty."

(e.) This term requires no explanation, inasmuch as fairs are held throughout the whole of the British Islands—"to say nothing of Greenwich," as a countryman of mine might add—though not of precisely the same character as "Donnybrook" is said to have enjoyed half a century ago. But as the mark to indicate a note appears in the text, I am compelled to write one in order to state that it is superfluous.

(f.) The popular name of the family septs into which the peasantry have been traditionally divided from time immemorial.

(g.) A wailing cry raised by females at Irish funerals, and the effect of has frequently been described by strangers visiting the country.

JOHN DAVIES, PRINTER, HOBART TOWNE.

